

## SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

A LOSS—viewing it in all its bearings, an irreparable loss—has been sustained by the world of art, in the sudden and deeply-lamented death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the President of the Royal Academy, and one of the first masters in what we now hesitate not to call the British School of Painting. In *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, more than in any other publication, devoted as it is, to the fine arts, and to that high and distinguished class of society by which the splendid genius of Sir Thomas Lawrence was fostered—for *his* munificent patrons are *ours*—it would be an act of injustice to the memory of the deceased, were we not to place the earliest possible offering on his tomb. Humble and incomplete must be the record; but we are desirous of leading the way to that full and circumstantial biography of Sir Thomas Lawrence, announced, and to be expected hereafter, from the pen of his gifted friend and contemporary, Campbell, the poet.

Seven cities are said to have contended for the honour of Homer's birth; and no fewer than four places—Bath, Bristol, Birmingham, and Devizes—have put in their claims for that of the late President. Amongst these, Bristol, favoured, perhaps, more than any other town in the kingdom, as the birth-place of painters and of poets, has established the legitimacy of its title by producing the certificate of his baptism. Mr. Lawrence, his father, who, in the earlier part of his life, had been in the excise, and married the daughter of a clergyman, the then incumbent of Tenbury, in Gloucestershire, kept the White Lion, in Broad Street, Bristol; and, in that inn, the subject of this memoir was born in the year 1769. When the boy was about a twelvemonth old, his father removed to Devizes, in Wiltshire, where he became the landlord of the Black Bear. The old gentleman appears to have been somewhat of a humorist, and also to have possessed considerable ability. He is described as a tall, well-formed, fine-looking man, eccentric both in dress and manner, and appearing on gala days in a full-bottomed wig, with a small cocked hat perched on its top. He

was particularly fond of reading aloud the works of Shakspeare, and more especially those of Milton; an accomplishment in which he excelled; and he was much delighted whenever he could prevail upon his guests to honour him with an audience.

It is probable that the child acquired his love of reading, and of reciting poetry—a love which accompanied him through life—from his father; but, by what means his infant mind became imbued not only with an admiration of the art of painting, but with an extraordinary capability of practising that art, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain. If the existence of innate genius cannot be allowed, it must not be controverted that there is, in many, a natural predisposition for particular arts and sciences. Rarely, however, does it occur, that infant prodigies become adult wonders. Sir Thomas Lawrence was one of the remarkable exceptions to what has been laid down almost as a general rule. An instance of his precocity of talent, related upon the authority of Mr. Pyne, a gentleman celebrated as the depository of much curious anecdotal information relating to artists and to the arts, is very striking. The late Lord Kenyon, long before his elevation to the peerage, when proceeding with his lady to Bath, stopped at the Black Bear, Devizes, then kept by Mr. Lawrence. They listened with pleasure to the recitations of their host; but they “took a still livelier interest in his son Thomas, then a fine little fellow about six years old, who was riding round the room upon a cane, and whose talent for sketching likenesses had, at that early age, become the theme of his father's panegyric. The skill of the young artist was at once put to the test; and, in an almost incredibly short period, he produced two portraits, in profile, of his visitors, no less remarkable for the ease and spirit of their execution, than for the accuracy of the resemblance. Indeed, Lady Kenyon always declared, that of all the portraits of her husband which she had ever seen, none came up in point of fidelity to this juvenile sketch.”

Young Lawrence's progress was at once regular and rapid. By the Hon. Daines

Barrington, in his quarto volume of *Miscellanies*, published in the year 1781, he is thus mentioned:—"This boy is now (viz. February, 1780) nearly ten years and-a-half old; but at the age of nine, without the most distant instruction from any one, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style; and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of 'Peter denying Christ.' In about seven minutes he scarcely ever failed of drawing a strong likeness of any one present, which had generally much freedom and grace, if the subject permitted. He is likewise an excellent reader of blank verse, and will immediately convince any one that he both understands and feels the striking passages of Milton or Shakspeare."

This notice is corroborative of the opinion we have always entertained, and the truth of which all his productions attest, that Sir Thomas Lawrence's genius as a painter was essentially historic. This will be yet further seen. It is very remarkable, too, that his portraits, even those which he completed before his tenth year, if not even earlier than that, possessed the same characteristics by which Sir Thomas Lawrence's works have, invariably, at all periods of his life, been distinguished;—freedom, grace, and spirit.

Failing in business, as an innkeeper, Mr. Lawrence retired from Devizes to Bath. He occupied a house there, in Alfred Street; and it is said that, for some time, he was chiefly indebted for his own support and that of his family—two other sons and two daughters—to the talents and industry of the youthful artist. For some time, however, the boy was under the professional care of Mr. Hoare, of Bath, a crayon painter of eminent taste, fancy, and feeling.\* From the instruction and example of such a master, it was impossible for him not to derive great advantage. Accordingly, we find him executing crayon likenesses in the manner of Mr. Hoare, for which he was accustomed to receive half-a-guinea each. Yet, in their finish, we are told, they partook of

the extreme delicacy of his latest productions.

For a time, he afterwards confined himself chiefly to the painting of small oval portraits, in crayons, the charge for which was a guinea a-piece. The Hon. John Hamilton, a member of the Abercorn family, who resided on Lansdowne Hill, and Sir Henry Harpur, a Derbyshire Baronet, were then amongst his patrons. The former gave him access to some very fine scriptural pieces, by the old masters; and the latter made the offer of a thousand pounds to send him to Italy, for the completion of his education. This generous offer—whether from motives of a purely disinterested nature, we are not prepared to inquire—was declined by his father, who remarked that "Thomas's genius stood in need of no such aid."

In 1783, when scarcely more than thirteen—and the work had probably been finished a year before—young Lawrence sent a piece to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. in the Adelpi. The subject, drawn in crayons, was the Transfiguration of Raffaele. Valentine Green, the celebrated engraver, was at that time the Chairman of the Committee; and, that the work was thought most highly of, by its judges, is best shewn by the fact that the youthful candidate was presented with the greater silver palette, gilt, as a prize, and also—a most unusual compliment in those days—with the sum of five guineas.

From Bath, while very young, Lawrence went to Salisbury, where he was patronized by Dr. Hancock, an eminent physician. For some time he painted at Salisbury with great success. Amongst many other portraits which he executed there, were those of Dr. Hancock and his daughter, in coloured chalk. These are said to be in the possession of a gentleman who married one of Dr. Hancock's grand-daughters, and who now holds an official situation in London. Their style, it has been added, is equal to that of any of the lamented President's latest drawings.

By the recommendation of Dr. Hancock and his friends, Lawrence's next removal was to the metropolis. Thither he was accompanied by his father, one brother, and two sisters, who all resided with him at a house in Greek Street, Soho, their

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\* The father of Prince Hoare, Esq., the well-known dramatist, and author of many valuable works of criticism on the fine arts.

dependence being chiefly, if not solely, upon his exertions. In those days, the old gentleman used to dispose of his pencil sketches, &c. at the shops, many of them as low as half a guinea each. Since his celebrity, Sir Thomas is known to have purchased, sometimes at very high prices, great numbers of those drawings. Indeed, if it were possible to procure it, he would never allow one of them to escape.

As was natural for a gay and lively, clever and accomplished young man, Mr. Lawrence, though not neglecting his professional pursuits, was much devoted to what are termed the pleasures of the town. That his society was even then extensively courted, must be inferred from various circumstances. In form and face he was eminently handsome. He was in his youth so beautiful, that Mr. Hoare said of him, if he had to choose a head for a picture of Christ, he would select Lawrence for that study. He was an elegant dancer, fencer, and billiard player; an admirable reader and reciter of blank verse and other poetry; an excellent violinist and singer; and many of these accomplishments he retained till the very close of his life. From what cause we are not aware, but, formerly, the belief was very prevalent that Sir Thomas Lawrence was greatly addicted to gaming. This has been positively, and we doubt not, most veraciously denied. Indeed it was hardly possible for the charge to have been founded in truth. The habits of Sir Thomas were not those of a gamester. Gamesters dissipate their nights, if not also their days, in play; and, at all events, their nocturnal orgies incapacitate them for all regular professional pursuits. But it is known that Sir Thomas was daily in his painting room, at a very early hour; and it is known, also, that to the very last, he was as anxiously studious, as patiently persevering, as unremittingly industrious and attentive, as at the commencement of his long and lofty career. In proof of this it may be mentioned, that Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, the architect, whose portrait remains unfinished, had sat to him no fewer than six times for the face, and twice for each of the hands.

Sir Thomas, it is said, was a bad whist player; and though, as already intimated, he was, in his youth, one of the best bil-

liard players in England, he gave up the cue, on hearing it remarked, by an academic friend, that, if talked of, it would ruin him in his profession.

While speaking of the characteristics, natural and acquired, of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and before we proceed to the next grand stage in his professional life, it may not be deemed incurious to mention the peculiarity of his hand writing, which is considered to be very similar, in its style, to that of Titian and of Dante.

For some time after his residence in London, Mr. Lawrence painted heads at three guineas each. What a contrast does this form with his prices for many years past! For instance, £600. for a whole length, of which a moiety was expected to be paid at the first sitting!

"So should desert in *arts* be crowned."

In 1787, before he had completed his eighteenth year, Mr. Lawrence became an exhibitor at Somerset House. This also was the season in which his brother academican, Westall, first appeared. Lawrence, who then lived in Leicester Square, had seven pieces in the exhibition; amongst which were a portrait of Mrs. Esten in the character of Belvidera, a Vestal Virgin, and a Mad Girl.

In the season of 1788, having removed to Jermyn Street, he had six pictures in Somerset House, all portraits. In 1789, when the Academy had not found it necessary, as of late years, to render eight the *maximum* number of performances by each individual, Mr. Lawrence had thirteen pictures; one of which was a portrait of His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, and three others were portraits of ladies of quality.

By this time, Mr. Lawrence appears to have established himself, to a certain extent, amongst the higher circles; as, in 1790, he exhibited portraits of Her Majesty, the Princess Amelia, a Nobleman's Son, and a General Officer. It was, we believe, also in this season, that his beautiful whole-length portrait of Miss Farren, afterwards the Countess of Derby, appeared. It is probable that his love of theatricals might be the cause of his first introduction to, and long connexion with, the Kemble family, whose interest must have rendered him much professional ser-



vice. We should have observed that his portrait of Miss Farren was hung as a *pendant* to Sir Joshua Reynolds's celebrated whole length of Mrs. Billington, as St. Cecilia. "The noble candour of this great man," observes Mr. Pyne, "was then manifested by the unqualified applause which he bestowed on this work of the young painter; and he then predicted the honours which Mr. Lawrence would obtain for himself, his country, and his art."

Passing over the season of 1791, when Homer reciting his Poems, was one of his subjects, we find him designated in the Somerset House Catalogue of 1792, as "Thomas Lawrence, a Principal Painter in Ordinary to His Majesty." That year he exhibited a portrait of George III., a Lady of Fashion as *La Penserosa*, &c. The Prince of Wales, our present sovereign, having seen his paintings of several ladies whom he knew, was struck with the beautiful fidelity of the likenesses, and, in consequence, gave him some commissions. He was as much delighted with Mr. Lawrence's elegant and polished manners, as a gentleman, as he was charmed with his talent as an artist; and, from the moment that he extended to him his royal patronage, his future fame and fortune were decided. The number of portraits which Sir Thomas, long since honoured with the order of knighthood, has painted of his Majesty, is surprising. The last which he commenced is unfinished. Highly patronised as an artist, he was equally honoured through a long series of years with the distinguishing friendship of his sovereign. Such, indeed, was known to be the interest which his Majesty felt for him, as one of his most deserving favourites and friends, that, at the time of his decease, it was judged proper to send an express to Windsor with the announcement of the melancholy event.

The general Peace of 1814 may be regarded as the commencement of a new era in the professional life of Sir Thomas; an era which has obtained for him an immortality of fame, abroad as well as at home. We have not the Catalogue to refer to, but we presume it was in the season immediately following that of the memorable visit of the chief sove-

reigns of Europe to London, that the walls of Somerset House were enriched with the portraits of Blucher, and Platoff, and Metternich, of Castlereagh, and Wellington, &c., all from the easel of this fortunate and highly-gifted artist. This was a proud display for the country, as well as for the country's painter. Subsequently, Sir Thomas Lawrence painted the King of France, and several members of the royal family, at Paris; the Allied Sovereigns and their Ministers, at Vienna; and the Pope, and Cardinal Gonsalvi, with others, at Rome. By His Majesty, Charles X. of France, whose portrait he also painted, he was subsequently invested with the *insignia* of the Legion of Honour.

Basking in the sunshine of aristocratic, diplomatic, and royal favour, Sir Thomas proceeded in his bright course until the period of the decease of Sir Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, which occurred on the 18th of March, 1820. By his election to fill the vacated chair, he was at once raised to the crowning honours of his profession. He was then at Rome, engaged in painting a portrait of his Holiness, the Pope, but he returned to England with all convenient speed.

In this high station, Sir Thomas Lawrence's suavity of manner, benevolence of heart, and general liberality, have won him "golden opinions from all sorts of men." It is possible, indeed, that some slight feeling of dissatisfaction may occasionally have arisen in the breasts of his brother artists, under the idea that his house and his table were not sufficiently open—that he did not, to the extent of his power, promote and foster that freedom of intercourse between the patrons and the professors of art, which is at once so delightful and so beneficial to both. It may be replied, however, that extensive and general as was his commerce with society at large, as an individual, his real enjoyments were in the company of the select few; and, multifarious as were his duties, and pressing as were his professional engagements, it cannot be imagined that he had much leisure at command.

Neither time nor space will permit us to enter upon an enlarged examination of Sir Thomas Lawrence's characteristic



merits as a painter; yet we must hazard a few general remarks, repeating, perhaps, opinions which we have before expressed in the notice of his performances through many a successive season at the Royal Academy.

Though, from circumstances, confined almost exclusively to portrait painting, Sir Thomas's genius was essentially historic and poetic, in an eminent degree. All his pictures are rich in the display of the noblest feeling of the art. Leaving, for a moment, his portraits out of consideration, can we think of his boyhood's composition, of his Peter denying Christ—of his fine crayon copy of Raffaele's Transfiguration, which obtained for him the chief praise at the Adelphi—of his magnificent and powerful personification of Milton's Lucifer—of his Hamlet, for which Kemble, that prince of actors, was his poetic model—of the evidence which he gave to the Committee of the House of Commons touching the Elgin marbles—of the profound and elevated observations, which, from time to time, he delivered in his addresses to the students of the Royal Academy—can we think of all these, and not be impressed with the firmest conviction that his genius and aspirations, richly imbued with the finest poetry of the heart and of the mind, were not decidedly historic? It is important, also, to mention, that years have elapsed since he selected from Milton a subject for a grand composition—that his thoughts had been recently and anxiously employed on the reconsideration of that subject—and that nothing but the pressure of accidental circumstances prevented the work from meeting the public eye, in a finished state, a season or two ago. Mr. Ottley—and it would be difficult to meet with a more competent judge—is reported to have said, that some of his chalk sketches were as fine as Michael Angelo or Raffaele could have made.

The commanding dignity of Sir Thomas Lawrence's men—the spirit, the touching beauty, the fascinating grace, the nobleness of air of his women—the exquisite loveliness of his children, laughing in innocence, sporting and sparkling in cherub purity of form and mind—could never be forgotten by the existing generation, even were the perishable canvas on which they

are portrayed to be destroyed. Certainly, Sir Thomas Lawrence possessed, far beyond any living artist—and Pickersgill comes nearest to him—the grand and important secret of preserving a living, breathing, characteristic resemblance of the original, at the same time that, in all points, he improved and heightened the general effect. Talk of “inveterate” likenesses—of those mere maps of the face—which some of our pretenders to art present us with! Let us have the mind, the soul, the spirit of our friend, as well as his features. But Sir Thomas could be as mechanically true, when mechanical truth was required, as any of his contemporaries, and yet exhibit an animated and glowing resemblance. Strikingly is this remark exemplified in his drawing of the young Napoleon, which is allowed to be the only likeness in this country, that has the slightest pretension to be regarded as a portrait of him. “I can safely assert that it is true,” observed the painter; “for I drew every line, as though I had been under an oath to do it correctly.” Of this drawing, Sir Thomas had an engraving made, but seldom allowed it to be seen.

It is probable that Titian, Velasquez, Rubens, Vandyke, and Reynolds, were the masters upon whom Lawrence chiefly founded his style; or, as it may with more propriety be said, from the patient and persevering study of whose works, he was enabled to form an original style of his own. It is with Vandyke and Reynolds, however, that he can be most fitly compared.\* Certainly his colouring

\* Not long since, one of the wisacres of that “lost pleiad,” the Edinburgh Review, in a paper, *nominally* a critique on Allan Cunningham's “Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects,” (but in which, as is usually the case, in the publication alluded to, not one word is said of the merits of the work ostensibly reviewed) thought proper to draw a parallel between the President of the Royal Academy and—of all the birds in the air—Martin, the painter of Belshazzar's Feast, the Fall of Nineveh, and other admirable productions of that class! When the article was mentioned to Sir Thomas, he observed, and most truly, that “it was written by some one who knew but little of the arts;” and that “the

is not equal to that of Vandyke, or of Titian. Generally, his portraits had more of detail than Sir Joshua's; and we believe it to be the prevalent opinion amongst artists, that they have less nature and less breadth than Sir Joshua's. The truth of this position might, in some instances, be safely contested. In the style of his hair, there was frequently a peculiarity almost amounting to mannerism. However, the beauty, the intelligence, the expression of his eyes, could not be surpassed. Fuseli, though not one of his chief admirers, has been heard to say, "But, by Ch—t, he paints eyes better than Titian."

Sir Thomas Lawrence's respect and veneration for the higher classes of art is further shewn by his unrivalled collection of drawings, etchings, &c.; a collection superior to that of the Louvre, and which has been roughly estimated at the value of 50,000*l*. It is said to contain the original cartoons of the heads of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper—two books of heads, by Francis Bartolomeo—numerous designs of Claude, the two Poussins, the three Caracci, Guido, Domenichino, Titian, Julio Romano, and others—and more than a hundred drawings, each, by Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, Parmegiano, and Rubens.

Sir Thomas was, at all times when his purse allowed, a liberal purchaser of the rare and excellent in art. Some of Bonington's best pieces were eagerly bought by him; and it is not long since that he commissioned Mr. Ward to copy for him, at the price of 500*l*., the celebrated Gior-gione, in the Louvre.

Amongst his favourites of the moderns, were Fuseli and Stothard, Flaxman and Baily. Of these, the busts of Fuseli and Flaxman, both deceased, were in his sitting room.

But we must hasten to our melancholy close. Sir Thomas's last public appearance, as it may be termed, was at Somerset House on the 10th of December, the anniversary of the founding of the Royal Academy. He presided on that occasion; and, at the end of the ceremony of dis-

tributing the customary medals and other rewards to the students, he delivered an admirable and elegantly penned address to an unusually numerous assemblage. For some months, Sir Thomas's appearance had borne the indication of impaired health; but little was it suspected, at the moment, that that was to be his last address! On Saturday, the 2nd of January, he dined with a distinguished party at Mr. Peel's. In the course of the evening he felt indisposed, and, inflammatory symptoms presenting themselves, he was bled. This operation so far relieved him, that, although he complained on Sunday of pain in the neck and lower part of the face, he was able to go out as usual, on the three following days. On Tuesday, he was busily engaged in the committee of the Athenæum, making arrangements for the opening of the new house; and, as late as Wednesday, within thirty hours of his death, he was employed on a splendid portrait of the King in his robes, intending, as he declared, to finish and have it in its place, the library of that institution, in the course of the ensuing week. Reaching home in the evening, his complaint—an inflammation of the bowels—returned, and he found himself very ill. He sent for Dr. Holland and Sir Henry Hallford, who saw the danger of their patient. He continued in pain during that night and the whole of the ensuing day, yet less so than is usual in such disorders. Towards evening he appeared cheerful. A lady—we have understood it was the sister of the late Sir Herbert Croft—had just retired to another room, when she was suddenly alarmed by cries for assistance: they were those of Sir Thomas's valet; but, when she reached the spot, he had ceased to breathe. So sudden was his decease, that he had only time to exclaim to his servant—"I am dying!" and the last pang was over.

On the Monday following (January 11) the body was opened by Mr. Green, the Lecturer on Anatomy at the Royal Academy, in the presence of Dr. Holland, and Mr. Foster Reeve; and, on investigation, it was discovered that although inflammation of the bowels had taken place, the disease, in which his death originated, was an extensive and complicated ossification of the vessels of the heart.

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comparison put him in mind of the old inquiry—'How far is it from the first of January to the top of St. Paul's?'

We are not aware of the publication, or even of the existence of any distinct portrait of Sir Thomas Lawrence, with the exception of one from his own palette, which was rarely to be seen. He was thought to be proud of bearing a resemblance to Mr. Canning, and that resemblance is apparent in the painting alluded to. There are, however, in a well-known series of prints, after Westall, illustrative of the ceremonies of the Church, portraits of Sir Thomas, his two brothers, and his sister—his younger sister, his only surviving relation (with the exception of nephews and nieces) married to the Rev. Dr. Bloxam, of Rugby. Sir Thomas is said to have had another portrait of himself in progress, which it was his intention to present to the Philosophical and Literary Society of his native city, Bristol, of which he was an honorary member. It may here be added, that, to the exhibition of pictures by the Bristol Institution, he often liberally contributed, as a loan, some of his most beautiful performances.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was much attached to his townsman, Baily. Having assured him that he would never sit for his bust to another sculptor, he had, after many postponements, only a few days before his death, which occurred on the 7th of January, appointed the 12th for his first sitting. It was his declared purpose to have a medal, by Wyon, from Baily's work; and it may be hoped that the friends of the deceased, the lovers of art, and the public at large, will not be wholly disappointed; for Mr. Baily has taken a cast of his head, and is probably at this time employed upon the posthumous bust.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's professional income has been estimated at from £10,000 to £15,000 a-year. Notwithstanding this, he has, from his extensive disbursements, in the increase of his fine collection, and from other circumstances, died poor, and involved. To a celebrated picture dealer in St. Martin's Lane, he is said to stand indebted to the amount of 10,000*l.*; and to other dealers and amateurs, in considerable sums. It is supposed, however, that the sale of his pictures and drawings will far more than cover all deficiencies.

Amongst the numerous unfinished portraits left by the President, is one of

Moore, the poet, for Mr. Murray—another, of Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, the architect—and another of Sir George Murray, M.P. That many of the paintings alluded to will remain for ever incomplete, there cannot be a doubt; others will, of course, be handed over for their last touches, to different professors of the art. Sir Thomas Lawrence's decease must also, of necessity, throw many new commissions into the hands of the more eminent of his surviving brethren; and, of these, especially with reference to the female form and face divine, Pickersgill is likely to obtain decided preference.

How far it might be according to rule, we know not, but it would be a noble tribute to the memory of the dead, a noble stimulus to the living, were a collection of the chief performances of Sir Thomas to be made, and exhibited for a few weeks at the Royal Academy, after the regular season, or at any other period of the year that might be judged most convenient. If this could not be accomplished, the rooms of our other national establishment, the British Institution, in Pall-Mall, would be open to receive them.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was never married. Many years since, there was a reported attachment between him and a daughter of Mrs. Siddons. However, the consent of her mother is understood to have been refused; the lady died—died in the freshest bloom of youth and beauty; and Sir Thomas remained single. A subsequent tender connexion is also said to have been recently dissolved by death, and that the deep and agonising grief of the survivor preyed upon his mind and constitution ever after. Such, alas! is the lot of man. Hopes and wishes, sighs, tears, death, affectionate regrets, and earthly oblivion of all our wrongs!

Of Sir Thomas Lawrence's private character it can hardly be necessary to speak. He was all urbanity, kindness, and generosity. Intellectually, he was a poet of no mean pretension, although he never suffered his effusions to meet the public eye. In early life, his love of verse was not confined to mere reading or recitation; but, enamoured of the stage also, private theatricals constituted one of his favourite amusements. His disappointment, and the ensuing death of Miss



Siddons, is believed to have checked his histrionic efforts, and to have imparted a more sober hue to the succeeding years of his existence. It is remarkable, and surely it is interesting, that his last drawing was an admirable likeness of Fanny Kemble, lithographed with great effect by Lane, and now at every printseller's in the metropolis. "In the Fanny Kemble of another generation," observes one of our most respectable contemporaries, "he, perhaps, revived his slumbering sympathies: we know that he painted this portrait with intense ardour—that he threw an air of secrecy over it—and that when finished, he spoke of it as one of his most successful works. We are not too fond of romance in this dull round of life; but there is a charm in the simple fact thus recorded, which we should regret to see dissipated by sterner truth (if the truth be against it). We like to imagine that Lawrence's first love and last picture were connected by so fine a tie as the dark grave of buried affection and the bright dawn of young female genius."

As a matter of course, it was determined by the Academicians that the funeral of their late President should be public, and upon a scale similar to that of Sir Joshua Reynolds's. The site selected for the last resting place of his remains, was in the vault beneath the south aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral, in the immediate vicinity of the grave of Sir Christopher Wren, and divided from Sir Joshua's only by that of Sir Benjamin West.

The coffin of the deceased was covered with rich black velvet, superbly ornamented; the principal plate (of queen's metal, highly silvered) headed with the armorial bearings of the deceased, and inscribed as follows:—

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, KNT., LL.D.,  
F.R.S., PRESIDENT  
OF THE  
ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS  
IN LONDON,  
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR,  
DIED VII JANUARY,  
MDCCCLXXX.  
IN THE LXI YEAR OF HIS AGE.

At nine o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, the 20th of January, the remains of Sir Thomas Lawrence were removed, in a hearse and four, from his house in Russell Square, to Somerset House. On the following morning, previously to the funeral, the body lay in state in the model room, which was fitted up for the occasion, hung with black, and the armorial

bearings of the deceased placed at the head of the room. The academicians, associates, and students, were all in attendance at about ten o'clock in the Royal Academy, and none but the private friends of the deceased were admitted to witness the lying in state. At a quarter past twelve o'clock preparations were made to convey the corpse to St. Paul's Cathedral; and at half past twelve the procession moved in the following order:—

Twelve Peace-officers, to clear the way.

Four Marshal's men, two by two.

The two City Marshals, with scarves and hatbands, and crape round the left arm, with a constable on each side,

The carriage of the Lord Mayor, empty; his Lordship being confined by illness.

The Sheriffs, Messrs. Ward and Richardson, in their carriages.

The Under Sheriffs.

The Undertaker (Mr. Thornton, jun.), on horseback.

Four Mutes on horseback, in gowns, two by two.

Six Horsemen, in cloaks, two by two.

A Lid of Feathers, with Two Pages.

THE HEARSE,

Drawn by Six Horses, with Sixteen Pages, eight on each side.

The Pall-bearers, in mourning coaches.

The following mourning coaches then followed, with

The Family of the Deceased;

The old Servant of Sir Thomas Lawrence;

The Executor;

The Rector of St. George, Bloomsbury;

Sir Henry Hallford, the Physician of Sir Thomas;

The Chaplain to the Academy;

The Keeper of the Royal Academy;

The Secretary to the Royal Academy;

The Treasurer to the Royal Academy;

The Academicians and Associates, two in each.

The Students, two by two, in each of the following mourning coaches.

Private Mourners, two by two, in each of the succeeding mourning coaches.

The Officers, &c. of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, two by two.

The Officers of the Society of British Artists, two by two.

The Officers, &c. of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution,

Forming, in the whole, a procession of 43 mourning coaches, each drawn by two horses caparisoned with plumes and velvet.

Next followed—

The carriage of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence;

Carriages of the Pall-bearers;

The Carriages of the Nobility and Gentry.

#### *Interior Order of Procession at St. Paul's.*

On arriving at the western gate, the procession was received by the Dean, Chapter, and the whole of the Choir, and proceeded as follows:—

The two junior Vergers.

The Marshals.

The young Gentlemen of the Choir, two by two.

Their Almoner or Master.

The Vicars Choral, two by two.

The junior Minor Canons, two by two.

The Feathers, with attendant Mutes and Pages, two by two.

The senior Verger.

The Prebends, two by two,

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The junior Residentiaries, two by two.

The senior Residentiaries, two by two.

The Dean's Verger.

The Dean.

Pall-bearers.      **THE COFFIN.**      Pall-bearers.

Chief-mourner.

Mourners, two by two.

The old servants.

The family Trustees and Executor.

The Rector and Medical Attendants.

The Chaplain to the Royal Academy.

The Secretary, &c. to the Royal Academy.

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*Arrangement in the Choir.*

The Corpse, on each side of which were the Pall-bearers.

The members of the Royal Academy ranged outside on each side.

Chief-mourner.

Old servants, standing.

The Executors.

Old servants, standing.

The Rector.

Medical Attendant.

The Marshals, with constables and undertaker's men, formed a line proceeding to the vault door. The chief mourner proceeded to the dome, and the other mourners formed a circle round. The Academicians lined off to the right, and the mourners to the left. An outer

ring was formed, within which the other mourners surrounded the clergy, choir, and chief mourner.

—The service was performed under the dome by the Bishop of Llandaff, who is the Dean; Dr. Hughes, one of the Prebendaries, reading the lesson.

A strong body of police lined the whole road, and a guard of honour was mounted at the Royal Academy.

Amongst the carriages were—The Duke of Wellington's, Mr. Peel's, the Lord Chancellor's; the carriages of all the Ministers; the American Minister's carriage; the Duke of Devonshire's, the Duke of Richmond's, the Duke of Bedford's, the Duke of St. Alban's, Marquess of Londonderry's, Marquess of Stafford's, Earl Bathurst's, Lord Melville's, Earl of Essex's, Earl Spencer's, and about 70 others.

The assemblage of persons occupying the streets in the entire line of the procession, was immense. Lord Byron's funeral did not excite nearly so much attention. This was honourable to the departed great; and it was highly creditable to the feelings of the populace that their conduct was distinguished by the most respectful propriety.

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